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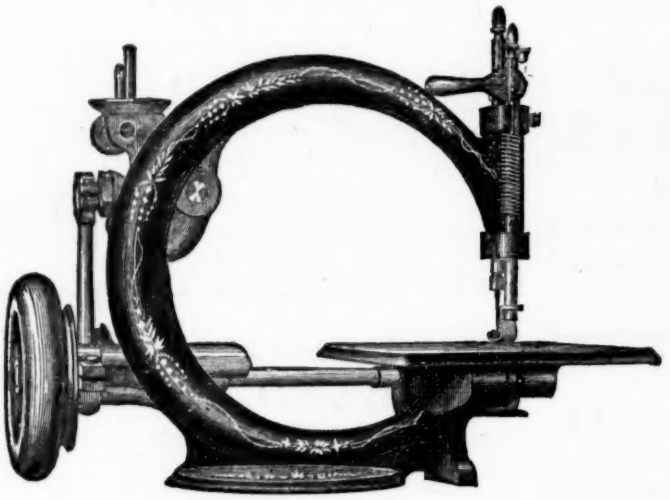

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ST. MARY'S CHURCH,

MOSS-SIDE.

ALONG Moss Lane we had often journeyed, in summer holiday afternoons, to the old cricket ground, to see the glories of a "match." The lane was country, so to speak, almost from its beginning. Hedges on each side, strongly suspected of birds' nests, bordering fields grassy and green; no buildings except a small farm-house or so, at a respectful distance, with white-washed gable, smoking chimney, and trim garden, all of it, from the white door and brass knocker to the duck-pond, seeming too pretty to be real—rather, some counterfeit resemblance of a vignette or tail-piece of one of the few illustrated story-books then existing. Through such paths of pleasantness we came at length to "the ground." Of Sherman and his bowling, Lea Birch and his batting, surreptitious visits to "the lodge," it boots not now to tell. Gone are the rosy hours!

But Moss Lane showed another sight what time the other Sunday morning we essayed to discover a south-west passage from Oxford Road to St. Mary's Church, Moss-side. We had occasionally approached the church from the Tamworthian quarter, and found it to border on one of the genus Moss Lane, so, like a scrupulous story-teller, we began at the beginning in Oxford Road, leaving which at a right angle we soon passed the villa-dom of the lane's early stage; glanced at the picturesque embowerment of Cheetham's Cottage, were duly awed by the palatial stucco (*Anglicé*, stuck up) grandeur of Willow Bank, and wondered at the Local Board of Health building, something between a sea-side villa and a Scottish fortalice with a dash of a police station. The church was now almost at hand. Its spire rose aloft, as if it would pierce the sullen clouds overhead, and its bell with increasing rapidity of clang seemed urgent in its summons to all within hearing to assemble themselves within those holy walls. We remembered, but fruitlessly, the sylvan scenery of the Alexandra Park. Its leafy glades and bosky dells were not for us now. The Prince of Wales Hotel, closed, of course, looked down the road at his fair consort as with the mute, stony glare of a statue, and on turning to the right we had the full length of the south side of the church before us, and a magnificent building it is.

It is, in style, of that known as the Geometrical Decorated. The spire is almost a facsimile of the famous one at Newark-on-Trent. Being admitted to a seat in the middle of the church, we looked around. The lofty clerestory windows flooded the high-pitched roof with light, and along each side of the five-bayed nave was a broad aisle, continued for the length of three bays, on each side of the high enclosed chancel. We had entered by a large porch on the south side, near the western end, and we observed a similar entrance just opposite, on the other side of the church, resembling, in fact, as to situation, the entrances to the Cathedral. The font stands in a position similar to that which the font lately occupied in the Cathedral, namely, the top of the north aisle, and the organ is placed at the other end of that aisle, the side of it forming a sort of wall to the chancel. The walls of the nave and chancel are beautifully decorated in polychrome. But the enclosing of the chancel is one of the great features of St. Mary's. A high screen, as high as that at the Cathedral, separates it from the body of the church. The lower part is closed, the upper part open, and there is no glass in the compartments, as in that screen through which the features, distorted, of the canons are sometimes visible. The cornice is ornamented with a line of clustered gas-lights, which at night are very effective. There is a doorway, or entrance, opposite the end of the middle walk in the nave through which the altar is seen, and there is a plain cross painted or gilt on the wall immediately behind.

The line of choristers, headed by the boys and brought up by the two curates and the rector, issued from the chancel aisle on the side opposite to the organ, and trooping across toward the middle at somewhat more than correct ecclesiastical speed, entered the chancel by the middle entrance, and took their appointed places on each side, facing each other in double rows. The rector, the Rev. F. C. Woodhouse, turned sharp off to the right and occupied a stall similar in position to that of the dean's stall at the Cathedral, and one of the curates occupied a corresponding seat on the left side of the doorway. The rector and curate would, if they had had eyes in the back of their heads, have had a very good view of the congregation. The Litany desk, or faldstool, was evidently not going to be used, as it stood in the middle passage of the chancel, between the choir-benches. One of the curates, however, who sported a thick beard and moustache, seemed as if he was to be left out in the cold, for, instead of entering the chancel, he perched himself in a little concern, with a seat behind him and a book-stand before him, which we had not previously noticed, and there, just at Mr. Woodhouse's back, he began that little story about the wicked man and so went on with the service, in a monotone, not reading and not intoning—a sort of thing that was as far as high-churchmen had got to about twenty years ago. The utterance, however, was pleasant, and tolerably distinct and clear, and though wanting the graceful modulation of voice used in intoning, it was intelligible.

The chants and psalms were sung to florid double chants, which were better known to the choir than to us. They sang lustily and with a good courage, but the choir-master seems to have adopted some "use" or mode of "pointing" peculiar to himself. We thought a special training or practice with this choir might have enabled us to join in the chanting, but as it was we were obliged to confess that this was beyond us. Plain congregational chanting, or even the much-by-musicians-despised Gregorian tones we can generally follow, and the elaborate "service" chants of the Cathedral, such, say, as the *Magnificat* there of a Sunday afternoon, we can partially understand and admire; but congregational music such as no congregation can possibly take part in is a monstrosity.

The time for reading the first lesson having arrived, the organ commenced a little improvisation on its own account, as if it had been unable to get a word in before, and during this Mr. Woodhouse descended from his stall in choir, where he had apparently been wearing his stole all the time, and came to a lectern or Bible-stand—we think vergers call it "the Heagle"—and having found the Lesson for the day, stood waiting for the organ to cease its inane and melancholy "proodle," but that "kist o' whistles" was not to be done. It had got its opportunity, and had no notion of surrendering its 'vantage ground in a hurry. There was nothing for it but patience, so Mr. Woodhouse lifted up his mild eyes on the congregation, who, in their turn, gazed placidly on him. Now the congregation are for the most part, those at least who occupy the chief seats in that synagogue, swells. The men were, perhaps, of an average sort; but their women—wives, daughters, and such like—were magnificent in dress. The chignons were larger than ever; and we think we never before saw such a collection of tall young women as we had before us on this occasion. Nothing but a combination of high-heeled boots and hassocks could so raise them in the world. The organ at length graciously permitted Mr. Woodhouse to read the Lesson, which he did clearly and without affectation; and as we sat some considerable distance from him, and heard almost every word, we should say that his voice was pretty well heard all over the church.

We had, in the earlier part of the service, been somewhat surprised at seeing the curate, who sat in the choir, wearing a black square tippet on his shoulders. We began to try to recollect some rubric or other about "a decent tippet or scarf," without much success, and lo! when we looked again it had disappeared. Shortly afterwards, however, it appeared again. Perhaps, thought we, this is one of the "vestments" we have heard so much of, and is only to be worn at stated periods of the service, but if so, why did'nt the rector do the like? After all, it was only a trick, a sort of game he was playing at, like one who fastens bits of paper on to his fingers, and with "Hey—Presto—Pass!" shows his fingers without them. It was a sort of impulsiveness by reaction. The stolid imperturbableness of the reader, and the stately placidity of the rector, "did all his sense confound," like Mariana's, and he took refuge in fidgetiness, sitting bolt upright, and now and again leaning to one side or the other, and as a conjuror's trick is said to be easy when

you know it, the appearance and disappearance of the tippet was simply caused by his pulling his University hood as far forward over his shoulders as it would come, and then "letting it slide." He came out to read the second lesson. A curious face he had, too; red, and full, and plump, as one of the monks of old, according to the popular idea of them; but although he was shaven, he was'nt shorn at all, in fact an introduction to one of Mr. Gadsby's young men, or even to Professor Carter, might not be out of the way; at all events it would prevent his hair from tumbling down his forehead as if he were a young lady of the period. Well, he read—no, he appeared to read the second Lesson, but he succeeded in being totally unintelligible, at our distance, at least. We could hear his voice, but whether it was from defective articulation, or from his using some local or provincial accentuation, we could not discover; not a word was audible. It was truly a tongue not understanded of the people.

The first curate read the Litany from his place of exile, like a proselyte of the gate, and, after a hymn, the clergy proceeded to the altar, and our inarticulate friend read the chief part of the pre-communion service. When he stood with his face towards the holy table his voice rebounded from the east wall, and we could then hear nearly every word, but when he faced about and read the commandments, we could not have told, but from knowledge of the service and the book before us, what was being piped or harped. The altar is sadly too low, but owing to the immense size of the east window which is fitted with stained glass, it cannot well be placed higher.

The rector, in course of a short sermon of some fourteen minutes, informed us that the collection would be for the Parochial Nurse Fund, and told his hearers that as they could not be expected to go in person to scenes of poverty and disease, it was their duty to support one who went about to help those who were unable to help themselves. If this be so, thought we, she must have many more children than she that hath an household. We were interested enough to enquire further concerning this nurse business, and what we learnt, we shall, if it so please the public, give at another time.

OUR CASHIER.

OUR Cashier is a "character." Indeed all cashiers are characters; that is, they are peculiar people. If you have lived long enough in Manchester, and amidst Manchester trade, you can identify one as soon as you have been five minutes in his company, and even tell to what branch of commerce he appertains. Undoubtedly a man's occupation has a good deal to do with the formation of his mind and habits, so that a tradesman is usually of the shop, shoppy, a gravedigger of the earth, earthy, and a cashier of the cash-desk, cashy. But in the latter case specially there must have been always a foundation of adaptability. Cashiers are born, not made. No amount of training would produce the right article. Under no combination of circumstances either could you easily imagine our cashier being anything but what he is. What would have become of him if he had been placed in a position in which it would have been impossible for him to have developed into a cashier is almost beyond the wildest conception. Perhaps he might have bloomed into a policeman, or grown-up a 'bus-check, or some other automatic creature. But just as oil will float on the top of water, even if you put it at the bottom, so our cashier being placed in a Manchester warehouse floated on to his present stool.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS ON 'CHANGE.

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IT was calculated in 1859 that the number of persons in Lancashire directly engaged in the various branches of the cotton trade amounted to 400,000; and that the average rate of wages paid to them, including boys, girls, and women, exceeded ten millions and a half per annum. This was a rough estimate made before the American war broke out, when, after the panic of 1857, the cotton spinners and manufacturers of Lancashire, had been making large profits. But, when in addition to these persons in this county directly engaged in the cotton trade we take into consideration all those who take a practical and active part in its growth in various parts of the world, the vast carrying trade by rivers, railways, ocean, and canals, the traffic and consumption in coal and iron, the production of machinery, and all the other branches of trade which are called into existence by this industry, until the manufactured article is reduced to rags, and possibly made into the paper on which we write, we are staggered by the vastness of the results which arise from the cultivation of the cotton plant. No wonder that the Americans exultingly and in their slangy way gave it the title of King Cotton; and they certainly have reason to be loyal, for as a rule they invariably contrive to get rid of their crops at the best prices of the season. Since 1859, this vast trade has received some very rough handling, and both the monarch and his subjects in this part of the country have been rudely shaken. The *bonâ fide* capital of Lancashire manufacturers is probably considerably less than it was ten years since. The reason of this of course arises from the fact that the price of cotton has almost invariably been out of all proportion to the value of the manufactured article. But why should this have been so? How is it that prices did not adjust themselves? The reason is obvious; credit has been a great deal too cheap, and manufacturers without means have been enabled to go on working at a loss from one month to another, until numbers of them became hopelessly insolvent, and were compelled to go through the bankruptcy court, or having compromised with their creditors for probably a few shillings in the pound, to recommence business and undersell their competitors who were paying twenty shillings.

Long credits are the bane of the cotton trade. It creates undue competition, bolsters up a fictitious trade, and precipitates panics. A system which allows a manufacturer long credit for the erection of machinery—which enables him to mortgage his weaving-shed, to buy his yarn on from six weeks' to two months' credit, and at the same time gives him facilities for pawning his goods or selling them for cash before he has paid for the materials of which they are composed—is merely holding out an encouragement and premium to people without sufficient means to embark in the trade. In bad times they cannot go on short time, because the supplies of money would not come round fast enough to enable them to meet the engagements which they had previously undertaken. They create an undue demand for factory labour when the production is too large, and at such times keep wages too high. In addition, by creating a greater demand for cotton than what is really wanted for consumption, they assist in keeping up the price of the raw material; while, at the same time, they keep down the price of goods by over-production. Needy manufacturers both buy and sell at a disadvantage, and frequently more than what ought to constitute their profits is swallowed up by excessive commissions. For these reasons, in the cotton trade, manufacturing has almost always been a worse branch of business than the cotton-spinning department. The cotton spinner must be a man of some capital. Hitherto, at least, he has had to pay for his cotton in Liverpool, in hard cash, within ten or twelve days from the date of purchase. This system of short credit has really been of the greatest advantage to the trade, and cotton-spinners, as a body, have not been liable to the same ruinous competition to which manufacturers without spinning machinery have been exposed. Accordingly, a severe time of pressure has always found them better able to stand losses than manufacturers have been, and failures among them have not been nearly so numerous. So long as money is abundant and cheap, and everything is going on at full swing, with merchants taking and consigning goods without stint, manufacturers can carry on without much trouble, but when unforeseen circumstances arise which cause a rapid advance in the rate of interest, credit collapses, needy men cannot hold stocks, and a panic ensues. At such times, it is the needy men without means, who control prices. Sales are forced at any price, in order to raise money to meet engagements, and men who have previously been solvent are engulphed with the others.

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you know it, the appearance and disappearance of the tippet was simply caused by his pulling his University hood as far forward over his shoulders as it would come, and then "letting it slide." He came out to read the second lesson. A curious face he had, too; red, and full, and plump, as one of the monks of old, according to the popular idea of them; but although he was shaven, he was'nt shorn at all, in fact an introduction to one of Mr. Gadsby's young men, or even to Professor Carter, might not be out of the way; at all events it would prevent his hair from tumbling down his forehead as if he were a young lady of the period. Well, he read—no, he appeared to read the second Lesson, but he succeeded in being totally unintelligible, at our distance, at least. We could hear his voice, but whether it was from defective articulation, or from his using some local or provincial accentuation, we could not discover; not a word was audible. It was truly a tongue not understanded of the people.

The first curate read the Litany from his place of exile, like a proselyte of the gate, and, after a hymn, the clergy proceeded to the altar, and our inarticulate friend read the chief part of the pre-communion service. When he stood with his face towards the holy table his voice rebounded from the east wall, and we could then hear nearly every word, but when he faced about and read the commandments, we could not have told, but from knowledge of the service and the book before us, what was being piped or harped. The altar is sadly too low, but owing to the immense size of the east window which is fitted with stained glass, it cannot well be placed higher.

The rector, in course of a short sermon of some fourteen minutes, informed us that the collection would be for the Parochial Nurse Fund, and told his hearers that as they could not be expected to go in person to scenes of poverty and disease, it was their duty to support one who went about to help those who were unable to help themselves. If this be so, thought we, she must have many more children than she that hath an household. We were interested enough to enquire further concerning this nurse business, and what we learnt, we shall, if it so please the public, give at another time.

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Lancashire spinners. The early bird gets the worm, and the drumming bipeds are at work betimes, leaving no stone unturned in search of booty. With the indefatigable cotton man, the present is always the best time for giving orders.

The man of cotton is a glutton at statistics, and he revels in estimates and prophecies regarding the coming crop. Where there are hundreds of prophets or "tipsters," some one is sure to be right, and then prodigious is the jubilation with reference to former predictions, as the tipster stands crowing upon his statistical dunghill. The Atlantic cable appears to have annihilated our old friends, the worms, the caterpillars, and other destructive agencies, but the cotton tipster survives them all, unabashed by the failure of previous predictions. As we write, a specimen of the tribe announces, "personally I believe in statistics, but I also believe in the right of private judgement." Magnanimous, truly!

THE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

(*Mrs. Smith meets Mrs. Jones.*)

MRS. SMITH.—Lor bless me, is it Mrs. Jones? Why, Mrs. Jones, I haven't seen you for an age.

MRS. JONES.—Which an age it is, my dear Mrs. Smith, since we've had a bit o' talk. And how is the dear children?

MRS. SMITH.—Exceptin' 'oopin' cough, the measles, and the scarletina, which is dreadful prevalent just now, the little darlings is as well as can be expected, my dear. I hope Mr. Jones's stomach is in better order than it was.

MRS. JONES.—Thanking you for kind inquiries, Mrs. Smith, it is: and I hope Mr. Smith is not so troubled with his liver as he has been.

MRS. SMITH.—He's much better, Mrs. Jones, I'm truly glad to say. But livers is a deal o' trouble.

MRS. JONES.—Oh, they is. Almost as bad as bowels, on my word: which a drop o' rum and honey's very good for.

MRS. SMITH.—It's a fine thing. Mr. Smith is in the 'abit of takin' it regular—as a medicine.

MRS. JONES.—Oh, of course. I always take it so myself.

MRS. SMITH.—And talkin' about which, my dear, I s'pose as 'ow you've read the breach o' promise case.

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Lancashire spinners. The early bird gets the worm, and the drumming bipeds are at work betimes, leaving no stone unturned in search of booty. With the indefatigable cotton man, the present is always the best time for giving orders.

The man of cotton is a glutton at statistics, and he revels in estimates and prophecies regarding the coming crop. Where there are hundreds of prophets or "tipsters," some one is sure to be right, and then prodigious is the jubilation with reference to former predictions, as the tipster stands crowing upon his statistical dunghill. The Atlantic cable appears to have annihilated our old friends, the worms, the caterpillars, and other destructive agencies, but the cotton tipster survives them all, unabashed by the failure of previous predictions. As we write, a specimen of the tribe announces, "personally I believe in statistics, but I also believe in the right of private judgement." Magnanimous, truly!

THE BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

(*Mrs. Smith meets Mrs. Jones.*)

MRS. SMITH.—Lor bless me, is it Mrs. Jones? Why, Mrs. Jones, I haven't seen you for an age.

MRS. JONES.—Which an age it is, my dear Mrs. Smith, since we've had a bit o' talk. And how is the dear children?

MRS. SMITH.—Exceptin' 'oopin' cough, the measles, and the scarletina, which is dreadful prevalent just now, the little darlings is as well as can be expected, my dear. I hope Mr. Jones's stomach is in better order than it was.

MRS. JONES.—Thanking you for kind inquiries, Mrs. Smith, it is: and I hope Mr. Smith is not so troubled with his liver as he has been.

MRS. SMITH.—He's much better, Mrs. Jones, I'm truly glad to say. But livers is a deal o' trouble.

MRS. JONES.—Oh, they is. Almost as bad as bowels, on my word: which a drop o' rum and honey's very good for.

MRS. SMITH.—It's a fine thing. Mr. Smith is in the 'abit of takin' it regular—as a medicine.

MRS. JONES.—Oh, of course. I always take it so myself.

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The recent utterances of his grace of Argyle came home very forcibly to our mind as we turned over the pages of Mr. Slagg's pamphlet, which recites the experiences of himself and his coadjutors during their official visit to Paris last Midsummer, in order to give evidence about the French Treaty of 1860. How the opening of the Janus Temple has changed the aspect even of events so recent as the middle of June last! We appear to be looking through a hole in a peep-show and to see the Commission, over which M. Paulmier presided alongside the battle of

Waterloo or the trial of Queen Caroline. The Alsatian and Norman spinners who testified then, wear the grey guise of historical figures like Necker or Calonne; and how dwarfed are the discussions in which they took part in the presence of the collapse of the country they love so well! The alleged injustice of England to Mulhouse by her exports of yarn and cloth seems but a fable by the side of the transportation of Mulhouse bodily, like Sinbad by the roc, into the German territory. "M. Zeller, delegate from Alsace"—to quote Mr. Slagg's pamphlet—is now a German; that is, he is as much like a German as Liebig's extract of beef is like a bull. M. Pouyer-Quertier, of Rouen, if he read his evidence now as we have done, must look upon its undoubted earnestness and eager partizanship as child's play in the presence of the Eighth Army Corps from the Rhine, who are applying rough statistics to the requisitions upon the city of Rouen. We don't suggest these sad contrasts in any spirit of exultation—far from it; but rather in sorrow, which words can scarcely convey. But these contrasts, far from diminishing the interest of his pamphlet, as Mr. Slagg appears to think they may, seem to us to augment that interest very much, and to give to the pamphlet a piquancy and a vividness not ordinarily associated with such records.

"The morning of the 17th June," writes Mr. Slagg, "having been appointed for the reception of the English evidence, we repaired about twelve o'clock to a chamber at the rear of the Corps Législatif." The morning of the 17th June is a memorable one in French and English history. The 17th of June, 1815, was the off day between Quatre Bras and Waterloo. Englishmen and Frenchmen have learnt to know each other much better since then in a general way, but it would seem from Mr. Slagg's translation that this "chamber at the rear of the Corps Législatif" was not exactly a temple of concord in trade matters even fifty-five years after the celebrated bivouac amidst the cornfields of Belgium. If we may judge from the tone of Mr. Slagg's remarks, which are not entirely unsupported by the speeches of MM. Lamer and Jardin, it would seem as if to some extent the old courtesy of the soldiers of the First Empire had not descended undiluted upon the merchants of the Second. Is it possible that a portion of the declension which some observers pretend is perceptible in the character of the modern Frenchman should have manifested itself even in the discussion of so dry a topic as a trade tariff; and that the charm of temper and of manner, which made the French gentleman of thirty years ago the most agreeable companion in the world, can have faded away under the influence of De Morny, Pietri, and Bazaine? Or, as we say in England that teetotallers are the fiercest and most ill-tempered controversialists of all our public men, must we believe that the protectionist traders of France, for some reason stronger than water, occupy an analogous position on the other side of Dover Straits? Some explanation, we hope, may be possible which shall absolve the great body of their educated countrymen from the spirit which, according to Mr. Slagg, seems to have animated M. Pouyer-Quertier and his colleagues during the examination of the English delegates last June.

Our editor says in his preface :—

> If we had sympathisers in the Court they certainly did not make themselves known, and the three English witnesses stood—like the three Jews of old—in the midst of a fiery furnace of disapprobation and dissent.

Mr. Slagg has failed to allot the characters of the three Jewish youths amongst himself and his colleagues, but we take it for granted that Meshach and Abednego were, on this occasion only, represented by Mr. Henry Ashworth and Mr. Armitage. If that be so we may be excused for doubting whether the latter gentleman would feel himself so ill at ease amidst a fiery furnace of dissent as the editor of this pamphlet would lead us to believe. That is a point which we should prefer to have settled by a strong breeze of public opinion from Pendleton.

But whatever the nature of the furnace in which these gentlemen—all three of them—were thrown on that memorable 17th June, we may safely say, and so may others who read this pamphlet, that the leash of English representatives of Free Trade emerged therefrom unscathed and uninjured, and that there was nothing in the observations which they made to account for the petulance of the Gallic cotton spinners. When M. Lamer, "delegate of the Alsatian industry," speaks of the evidence of the Manchester gentlemen, and says that it "absolutely confirms all that we have advanced," he was only anticipating the audacity which led Marshal Lebœuf to allude to the battles of Wissembourg and Wörth as triumphs for the arms of France. Again, when the same Alsatian delegate, in referring to the ruthlessness of a resort to short time by English spinners as an advantage which those of France hesitated to adopt because of "*the sentiments of humanity which formed the basis of the French character—the relation of greater friendship which exist between us and our work-people*"—he was assuredly guilty of an unjustifiable insult to the spinners of Lancashire. Altogether we decline to accept M. Lamer as either a typical Frenchman or a typical French spinner. Gallic he certainly is, in one respect, for he overflows with gall. Fancy the good taste of this remark, for instance, of M. Lamer :—"It is unfortunate that the English manufacturers who have come over here expressly to give evidence should have left behind them the memory of their business." Once more M. Lamer *loquitur:*

> M. Jules Brame asked the witnesses to state at what age their workpeople are the most vigorous and skilful—when, in a word, they can give their best services. *The English witnesses have thought it expedient to refuse an answer to this question.* Everybody here knows, however, that it is from eighteen to thirty-five that the working man possesses the greatest strength and skill.

We should doubt if any English spinner could answer specifically the question of M. Brame; but we should, on the contrary, be quite sure that any gentleman naming the cream of a man's lifetime—viz., eighteen to thirty-five—as the period of his mental and physical prime, would get laughed at as the dispenser of very self-evident information.

We cannot read this pamphlet without feeling that the French spinners, like the French nation at large, consisted of spoiled children, who were very much disposed to cry for the moon, which must always be a lunatic cry at the best. Napoleon the Third—who in English newspapers was one day enlightened and the next day darkened, just according to editorial exigencies, and whose character was presented to us by our statesmen in a series of Vandykes—had fed his people on comfits and bonbons until their healthy taste was gone. How lamentably reads now the peroration of M. Jardin's speech, in which he appeals to the Commission against the English evidence!

> Show, gentlemen, that this patriotic confidence in you—this judicious exercise of the sovereign right of universal suffrage has not been misplaced; and let me be able to exclaim, when I return home, "Ah! my workpeople, thanks to you, gentlemen, there will be work to be found this Winter somewhere besides in England!"

Yes, the work has been found for you, M. Jardin, elsewhere than in England—and what a work! Far, nevertheless, from our thoughts be any shade of exultation over the terrible realization of this prophecy. In the presence of such a dispensation of the All Wise, we bow our heads in silence, and pray that the chastening hand may not have descended in vain. Beyond the controversy of the hour—which we now chronicle, and in which there resides a lesson even for ourselves—we look for the time which shall bring about the resurrection of this gallant and much-enduring people, and which shall teach them that

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to live that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

THE SALFORD COUNCIL AND THE POLICE.

A SINGULAR case, of some interest to the whole community, came before Sir John Iles Mantell, at the Salford Town Hall, last week. As it does not appear to have been noticed in any of the newspapers we shall reserve the real names of the parties concerned, as the result of the case might create some misapprehension with regard to its merits.

Three or four weeks since a well-known and respectable tradesman was on his way home about half-past three o'clock one Saturday afternoon, with the intention of enjoying the *otium* of his half-holiday, when he came upon a policeman in the act of taking a carter into custody, and, as he thought, using the latter roughly. He passed on a short distance, but, on looking back, he thought the man, who was down upon the ground, was getting still more roughly handled, and, running back, he began to expostulate with the officer, who was endeavouring to handcuff the prostrate carter, and told him not to put the handcuffs on him. The policeman retaliated by threatening to handcuff the remonstrant, whom, for the sake of distinction, we may call Mr. Schneider. Some other people had come up in the meantime, one of whom, a woman, called "shame" upon the policeman, while another person told Mr. Schneider that he ought not to interfere with the policeman in the exercise of his duty. Upon this the officer took down the name and address of the last witness, and also of Mr. Schneider, but made no further attempt to retain the carter, who went away with his carts and horses along with his master's son, who had just come up. For this alleged offence Mr. Schneider was summoned before the Nuisance Committee of the Salford Town Council; and after an investigation, in which the police officer affirmed that he had forcibly prevented him taking the carter into custody, which Mr. Schneider denied, the latter was fined by the Nuisance Committee five shillings.

It appears that this body have the power to levy fines, but have not the power to enforce them. Having ascertained this fact, Mr. Schneider refused to pay the fine and left the committee room. Some ten days afterwards, he received a summons to appear at the police court within forty-eight hours, to answer a charge for an assault upon the policeman. Before the magistrate the policeman declared upon oath that Mr. Schneider had put his hand between him and the carter, and had prevented his taking him into custody. The witness already alluded to swore to the same effect, and also declared on his oath that the carter had been "assisted or slipped" into his cart and removed in that way. The same witness, after he had left the witness box, on his evidence being referred to by the magistrate, said he could not swear exactly that that he had been so removed, but from the rapidity with which he disappeared he presumed he must have gone in that way. The second carter, the son of the first one's master, affirmed on the other hand that he walked away. The policeman said the carter was drunk and could not look after his carts, and for that offence he endeavoured to take him into custody. He also denied using more than necessary violence. Other witnesses swore that the carter might have had some liquor, but was not drunk; and his master swore that within ten minutes after the events alluded to he brought home his horse and cart in company with his son; that he was quite able to attend to his work, and foddered his horses. Mr. Schneider had neglected to subpœna his witnesses, but some appeared for him. It was considered by Sir John Mantell that there was sufficient evidence to show that the defendant had personally interfered with the police-officer in the course of his duty, and he inflicted a fine of twenty shillings and costs.

During the progress of the case, however, Sir John Iles Mantell remarked that it appeared to him to be an extraordinary state of affairs, that a man should assault a police-officer, and that the Nuisance Committee should step in between him and the law, and undertake to let him off if he would pay a fine of five shillings. Mr. Cobbett, also, who appeared for the defence, said it looked very like a mode of levying black-mail upon the community. This is what concerns the public. We do not dispute the decision of the magistrate, who, of course, was bound to decide by the evidence brought before him. We should like, however, to know how many frivolous and vexatious cases are sent before the Nuisance Committee, in which the accused parties with a perfect consciousness and conviction that they have done nothing culpable, nevertheless, pay the fine without demur, or, without even going near the Committee, in order to avoid waste of time and annoyance.

BEHIND THE BARRIER AT HALLE'S CONCERTS.

DEAR SPHINX,—On one of those hot days of the summer just gone, I remember lying stretched in luxurious ease on the cliff edge of a grassy slope down on the coast of North Devon. Behind was the great expanse of Exmoor, with its many undulations of countless acres dappled with delicate colours of purple heath and golden gorse. Before, the blue and emerald sea slumbered in the hot haze, its tranquil sleep broken only by the long fitful heaving of the shore waves on the rocky floor below. Coming up out of Egypt and bondage to a land in which it seemed always afternoon, and gazing upon a scene whose beauties Kingsley has so charmingly described in his prose idyll yclept *North Devon*, one seemed to realize somewhat of that feeling of the mild-eyed, melancholy lotos-eaters who, dreaming on the shores of their enchanted land, and remembering home and care and toil, exclaimed, "We will return no more!"

But what has all this to do with Hallé's concerts? Why simply this, that smoking my pipe there in the clear summer air, and feeling a little dismal at the thought of going back to town, with its dark days and toilsome hours, I fell a-thinking about the relative merits of city and country life, and of the value of nature and art in intellectual enjoyment and culture. Musing so, my mind reverted to an incident of the morning. At Westward Ho, by the margin of Bideford Bay, I had come suddenly upon a face familiar as an occupant of a reserved seat at Hallé's. Its owner—a musical professor of no mean talent, and a thorough epicurean withal—was basking out the summer days beside this Devon sea. To him I had put the question of how he liked the prospect of returning to smoky Manchester, and had received the assurance that he cared not to go back at all, but, with his favourite piano, would be content to stay here always. "But would he not miss Hallé's?" I suggested; whereupon his face assumed a puzzled expression, and, he half confessed *that* might be a loss. As for myself—lying there on the cliff, and conning these things over carefully in my mind—it did appear that to be deprived of Hallé's would certainly be a loss; for had one not in long and devious wanderings among Welsh mountains, by the banks of sylvan Wye and on these rocky coasts of Devon, had for accompanying music the echoes of strains heard on glorious noctes in the gallery at the Opera, or in concerts presided over by the great Hallé? and had one not, up hill and down dale, crooned to one'sself snatches of airs that fell divinely from the lips of a Titiens or a Sinico—airs that somehow, by a mysterious alchemy, got themselves linked inseparably to rock and wood and stream ever afterwards, to form part of those pleasant shadowy abstractions that "haunt the dim recesses of the mind?"

So, on these murky winter nights, when the lamps gleam with a sickly light through the fog, I make my way as of old to the Free Trade Hall, and, passing the long line of carriages in Peter Street, lay down one shilling at the area entrance, and take up my accustomed place behind the barrier. Leaning here on the opening night somewhat earlier than usual, for the pleasure of seeing the audience assemble, I noted that the space allotted to us in the area was pretty much as usual, with perhaps the luxury of a few more seats. Within the barrier, as of old, one recognized the inevitable policeman, sitting there, as your rhyming chronicler would say,

A moniment of dooty
And the marjersty of lor.

Pleasant it was to watch the full-dressed representatives of cotton-spinning Belgravia file in and take up their season seats, numerous as ever, and forming that rich mosaic of colour which caused a gentleman of Wales to exclaim that he "never did see anything like it before in

his life: it was as good as a flower-show—yes, indeed!" Among them one recognized many familiar faces of past seasons, the eye resting as usual with peculiar satisfaction upon the Mauds and Lilians, fair in face and form, attractive beyond the music to those restless Bohemians behind the barrier, who hover round the sacred enclosure

> Like outcast spirits, who wait
> And see through heaven's gate
> Angels within it.

While the audience is assembling in gallery, reserved seats, and area, from unseen distant places there is heard the discordant scraping of violins. Bye-and-bye the men of wind and string take their allotted positions on the platform; after them, amid welcome applause, comes the presiding genius with his magic baton; and then to the fitting prelude of *Oberon* we were ushered into the fairy-land of music. As I have before had occasion to tell you, I do not pretend to any critical knowledge of music, my enjoyment of these concerts being mainly of an æsthetical or sensuous kind. This pleasure, though it may be allied with, differs very materially from, that which comes from scientific or technical knowledge of the art. So, though instrumental music has to me a value, I always get on better when it is wedded with vocal sounds to concrete ideas in the form of words. Not that I would infer from this that instrumental music is not intended to convey ideas. I take it for granted that every composer of overture or symphony had certain ideas which he endeavoured to express in his work, but it is a grave question whether he ever conveys to his hearers the exact thoughts in his own mind. Take by way of illustration that famous Eroica symphony of Beethoven's, which was performed the other evening, and to which was appended a long analysis and explanation of its nature and purpose. Without the key who ever would have shaped to himself the character of the first Napoleon from out that wonderful complication of sounds? It would be unfair to suppose that the symphony was not thoroughly enjoyed by many who listened to it, but I can answer for it that it "brought sweet sleep down from the blissful skies" to more than one within my own observation. We are told that Coleridge, listening to the funeral march in this symphony, remarked to a friend that it was "like a funeral procession in deep purple." Doubtless Coleridge before going to the Philarmonic had, like his friend De Quincey before going to the opera, taken a dose of opium, thereby, in the increased activity of his mind, getting a sense of colour from musical sounds.

This necessity of higher culture and delicate perception for the enjoyment of instrumental music leads me to remark that those concerts in which orchestral music predominates have almost invariably the smallest number of listeners; and, on the other hand, the oratorios are crowded—witness that night of *The Creation*, when we unfortunates behind the barrier were packed together in a solid mass, and half suffocated with heat, so that some fainted. There is no mistake about the interest at such times. One can see it in the number of copies of the music in the hands of the audience, and the keen, critical attention with which the performance is followed. Let me note, by the way, that at this particular concert the face most radiant with satisfaction was that of a blind man in the gallery, who was scarce able to restrain his sense of rapturous enjoyment. Is not the secret of the success of oratorio music to be found in the fact that the words and music are self-interpreting, and that concrete ideas of the loftiest kind are thus furnished to the hearer? Then there is a sublimity in choral music that rarely fails to impress. The blended harmony of many voices is more electrical, has more vital warmth in it, than the sound of many instruments. De Quincey, speaking of this, tells us that under the influence of opium at the opera, he found that a "chorus of elaborate harmony displayed before him, as in a piece of arras-work, the whole of his past life—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music."

It appears to me that instrumental music taxes the imagination, and this faculty is soon wearied, so that after overture, symphony, and concerto, one comes upon a song with the same sense of refreshing rest as when wearied with the attempt to take into the mind a vast landscape of mountain, valley, and fruitful field; and, finding that the imagination fails to grasp all the mystery of it, one turns to some simple wayside flower, in the quiet, centred contemplation of which one finds not only a relaxation for the mind, but a sense of "something far more deeply interfused," which touches the heart. I do not here allude to such songs as that of Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra*, which Herr Stockhausen sang the other evening. There is more of musical exercise for the voice than feeling in such trying compositions. Listening to it, one could almost wish with Dr. Johnson that the performance of such music were not only difficult but impossible. Rather do I prefer one of those exquisitely-sweet little airs of Schubert, like *Der Lindenbaum*, delightfully sung by Herr Stockhausen, and which vibrate in the memory long after the singer's voice is hushed.

A BOHEMIAN.

ARE OUR HOSPITALS RIGHTLY MANAGED?

IN a letter addressed "To the Committee of Management and Distribution of the Manchester and Salford Hospital Sunday Fund," Dr. Thorburn, physician to the Southern Hospital, invites attention to the gross abuses which at present prevail in the systems by or through which our hospitals and dispensaries administer their charitable relief, and at the same time suggests certain remedies. That hospitals have not fulfilled their mission has long been apparent, and for eighteen years at least has the subject been under discussion without any perceptible reform being effected. The invention of Hospital Sunday has, however, been cannily seized upon by Dr. Thorburn as a fulcrum on which to fix his lever. Hospital Sunday means so many thousand pounds, and what hospital committees would not do because it was evidently the right thing to do they can be made to do for money. The Hospital Sunday Fund Committee represent the public, and on behalf of the public they have a right to demand certain conditions before parting with the public's money.

Dr. Thorburn opens by assuming that "the main object of all hospitals and dispensaries is to provide for the poor the highest attainable medical advice in the time of sickness," and also that "when these are supported by voluntary donations and subscriptions certain conditions are presupposed." These conditions are: First, "That the general public shall not be absolved from its duty of providing in health and in sickness for paupers." Second, "That those who are able to pay for medical advice under ordinary circumstances shall not have their self-respect lowered by having it thrown to them as ordinary alms." Third, "That those who are competent to provide for their own, under all usual conditions, shall not be allowed to cheat the benevolent, or selfishly diminish the sum placed at the disposal of their poorer brethren."

These simple conditions our medical charities do not at all fulfil. On the contrary, Dr. Thorburn finds that paupers furnish at least ten per cent of the out-patients; those able and often willing to pay something form fifty per cent; those able to pay entirely twenty per cent; thus leaving twenty per cent "of the class for whom, of all others, hospitals and dispensaries are mainly intended," viz.: "those not in receipt of poor-law relief and who by dint of great struggles, are just able to keep their heads above the pauper level.

All failings are traced to "the mode of admission" which in Manchester is either (1) "The subscribers' recommendation plan;" (2) "The free admission plan;" or (3) "The small payment plan." Up to this point we are nearly at one with Dr. Thorburn, and, indeed, can go on with him to the end of "proposition V.," and halfway into "proposition VI.," but there we must part company. Summarized, these five propositions stand thus: Recommendations given as a *quid pro quo* for subscriptions is for many reasons radically wrong. Free admission is open to great abuse. Partial payment, properly regulated, is good, but inapplicable to all cases. The great desideratum is, one system of admission, alike at all our institutions. The first half of the sixth proposition, is that "This uniform system of admission should combine the advantages of free and immediate medical aid, and of proper and uniform enquiry into the circumstances of all patients."

The rules Dr. Thorburn proceeds to form as corollaries to these propositions are far too complex. The visiting machinery he suggests would never work, nor if it did work would its system of espionage be acceptable to our English poor.

We believe that, though printed and addressed to the Hospital Fund Committee, the letter we have been criticizing is to be read as a paper before the Medico-Ethical Society. It will be well if it is so, and we hope that the whole subject of hospital reform will be dealt with at the same time. The constitution of our hospital authorities—the methods of obtaining and holding, practically for life, hospital appointments—the use of our hospitals as means of definite, uniform, and regular clinical instruction for medical pupils—the very construction of the hospital buildings themselves—are all points equally as important subjects for our consideration as the question of the mal-administration of hospital relief. They are, one and all, intimately connected; and if one limb is to be doctored, by all means examine and regulate all. An increase in special hospitals and dispensaries is an inevitable consequence of a dog-in-the-manger system of appointment to, and tenure of, hospital appointments, and obstacles are thus often thrown in the way of medical pupils obtaining that varied clinical experience which is so desirable. After the discussion at the Medico-Ethical Society we may return to the subject.

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FOUR GOLD MEDALS.

CAUTION.—Require Baron Liebig's signature on every Jar and Tin.

5 lb. Tins supplied in enormous quantities to both French and German troops in the field, and this size especially recommended to Relief Committees.

WE ARE NOW

SELLING THE NEW SEASON'S TEA

At our TEA ESTABLISHMENTS, at the

Corner of OLDHAM STREET and SWAN STREET, and at

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AS UNDER:—

Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
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White and Sound Teeth.

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Thirty Years' Experience

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At 1/6 and 2/6 per Pot.

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OF THE PROPRIETORS.

Jewsbury & Brown

IMPORTANT TO BANKERS, SOLICITORS, MERCHANTS, STOCK & SHARE BROKERS.

INSTANTANEOUS PRINTING.

NEW LITHOGRAPHIC WRITING INK,

Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle; requires NO PREPARED PAPER.

THIS Ink is introduced to Merchants, Solicitors, Stock Brokers, Architects, and all who require **Circulars, Prices Current, Market Reports, Bills of Quantities,** or any kind of Notice expeditiously printed. Hitherto Lithographic Writing has required prepared Paper and Ink, which is difficult to manipulate, except by the experienced Lithographic Draughtsman; now, however, **the re-writing is entirely dispensed with,** for the copy written with this Ink, **on ordinary Writing Paper, in your own Office,** being sent to us, can be forthwith transferred to the Stone, and the required copies supplied as quickly as they can be printed.

It must be manifest that the use of this Ink removes considerable impediments to the quickly getting out of Prices Current, &c., as **no time is lost,** as heretofore, in writing on the prepared paper before printing.

This Ink is in use in numerous Establishments, and we have the pleasure of printing the following testimonials :—

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., Manchester. Manchester, March 23rd, 1870.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly,

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithograph Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be and we prefer it specially, as being being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression, than that in use with the transfer paper.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

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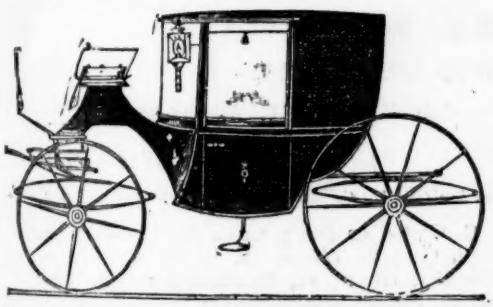
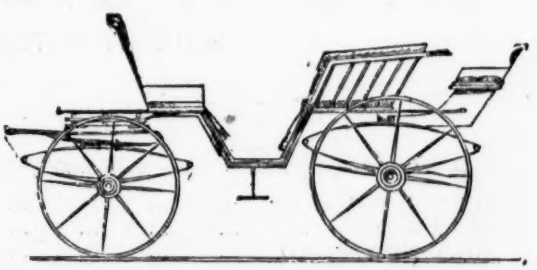
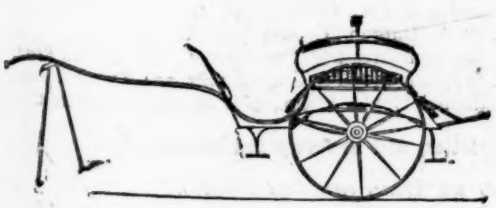
JOHN ROBERTS,

STRETFORD ROAD CARRIAGE WORKS.





J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his NEW RACKET CART or DRAG, the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only 3¼ cwt.



All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned Materials, and skilled Workmanship.

ESTIMATES AND DRAWINGS ON APPLICATION.

J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS. KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES, 70. DEANSGATE.

THE SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE.

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Noiseless in Movement: Easy in Management.

KENDAL, MILNE, & CO.,

Deansgate, Police-st., and St. Ann's-st., Manchester.

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are the best, cheapest, and the most popular remedies; at all seasons, and under all circumstances they may be used with safety and with the certainty of doing good. Eruptions, rashes, and all descriptions of skin diseases, sores, ulcerations, and burns are at once benefited and ultimately cured by these healing, soothing, and purifying medicaments. The Ointment rubbed upon the abdomen checks all tendency to irritation in the bowels, and averts diarrhœa and other disorders of the intestines so prevalent during the summer and fruit seasons. Heat lumps, blotches, pimples, inflammations of the skin, muscular pains, neuralgic affections, and enlarged glands can be effectually overcome by using Holloway's remedies according to the instructions accompanying every packet.

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13A, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER,

Nearly opposite, and to the right of the Prince's Theatre.

SAUSAGE AND MASHED POTATOES 4d.

ALWAYS READY.

Served in the London style, and in half a minute from the time of ordering.

Allsopp's Mild and Bitter Ales, Combe and Co's London Stout. Wines, Cigars, Tea, Coffee, &c.

WAR VICTIMS' FUND

OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS,

for the Relief of the

PEASANTRY and other NON-COMBATANT SUFFERERS in the districts of France and Germany ravaged by the war.

A PUBLIC MEETING in aid of the above will be held in the Mayor's Parlour, Town Hall, King Street, THIS DAY (FRIDAY), at twelve o'clock, noon,

HUGH BIRLEY, Esq., M.P., in the Chair;

Also, another in Friends' Meeting House, Mount Street, at Seven in the evening, at which

JACOB BRIGHT, Esq., M.P., will preside;

when William Jones, Middlesborough; Robert Spence Watson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and Samuel James Capper, Liverpool, recently returned from the neighbourhood of

METZ, SEDAN, AND THE ADJACENT BATTLE FIELDS,

where the two former have for some weeks been actively engaged as agents for the distribution of the fund, will be present to explain the manner in which relief has been applied, and the imperative necessity for extended and immediate assistance. Their experience has revealed such awful and wide-spread distress as to make it evident that, without largely extending the area from which subscriptions have hitherto been raised, it will be impossible to meet even the most pressing cases of utter destitution.

Further information may be obtained from any of the following, who form the Manchester Committee:—

Charles Thompson, J.P.
John King, Alderman.
James Hodgkinson, Monton Grange, near Eccles.
Josiah Merrick, Whalley Range.
Henry Thorp, Great Bridgewater Street,
Thomas B. King, Chepstow Street, Oxford Street.
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Godfrey Woodhead, 28, Victoria Street.
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JOHN HODGSON, 51, Piccadilly, } Secs.
WILLIAM BRADSHAW, Eccles New Road, }

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CARPET AND FLOOR-CLOTH WAREHOUSE, 136 and 138, MEDLOCK-STREET, HULME.

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WORK BOXES, DRESSING CASES;

DESKS, ALBUMS;

INKSTANDS, RUGS;

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MUSICAL ALBUMS, FROM 17/-

PURSES, BOOK SLIDES, WORK CASES, WRITING CASES, BLOTTERS, CARD CASES, CIGAR CASES, &c.

MUSICAL ALBUMS, Playing the most popular tunes, 17s. 6d. to £10, 10s.

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PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

CHESS, DRAFTS, CARDS, DOMINOES, BEZIQUE, AUNT SALLY, SQUAILS, MOORISH FORT, CANNONADE, AND BAGATELLE TABLES.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

Snap, Happy Families, The Bride, Hunting the Hare, Spider and Fly, and 30 other NEW CARD GAMES, At 1s.; Post Free, 1s. 1d.

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The Largest Stock of GAMES in Manchester. Write for New List.

W. & A. GILBEY,

WINE IMPORTERS AND DISTILLERS,

92 & 94 CROSS STREET, ALBERT SQUARE,

MANCHESTER.

Wines and Spirits in any quantity, from a Single Bottle upwards, can be obtained at the above address, or from the following Agents:

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ARDWICK	Joseph Cadman, *Grocer*, 75, Downing Street.
BURY NEW ROAD	F. Stonier, *Grocer*, 11, Britannia Buildings.
* CHESTER ROAD	F. & A. Burgon, *Grocers*, 90, Chester Road.
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DEANSGATE	Nathaniel Gould & Co., *Grocers*, 260, Deansgate.
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Books of Prices, with Descriptions of 218 Varieties, will be forwarded on application.

* *In Places marked thus, the Agents sell Wines only (not Spirits).*

All communications relative to Advertisements are to be addressed, and Post Office Orders made payable to, "Mr. THOMAS POWELL, 39, Blackfriars Street, Manchester," who is sole contractor for the Advertising space.

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J. HOLROYD, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, 159, GREAT JACKSON STREET, HULME.

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